

The Historie of

Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
Bloud stained with these valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer
Receiue so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slandered with reuolt.

King. Thou dost bely him Percy, thou dost bely him,
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee he durst as well haue met the diuell alone,
As Owen Glendower for anemie.

Art thou not asham'd? but sirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*

Hot. And if the diuell come and rore for them,
I will not fend them: I will after straight
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,
Here comes your Vncle. *Enter Wor.*

Hot. Speake of Mortimer.
Zounds I will speake of him: and let my soule
Want mercie, if I do not ioyne with him:
Yea, on his part Ile emptie all these veines,
And shead my deare bloud, drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the downe trod Mortimer
As high in the ayre as this vnthankfull King,
As this ingrate and cankred Bullingbrooke.

North. Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?

Hot. He will forsooth haue all my prisoners,
And when I vrg'd the rancome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

Henry

And on my face he turn'd an
Trembling euen at the name

Wor. I cannot blame him

By Richard that dead is, the

North. He was, I heard the

And then it was, when the vn

(Whose wrongs in vs God p

Vpon his Irish expedition;

From whence he intercepted,

To be depos'd, and shortly m

Wor. And for whose death,

Liue scandaliz'd and foully spo

Hot. But soft I pray you, di

Proclaime my brother Mortim

Heire to the crowne;

North. He did, my selfe di

Hot. Nay, then I cannot b

That wisht him on the barren

But shall it be that you that se

Vpon the head of this forget

And for his sake weare the de

Of murderous subornation? s

That you a world of curses vn

Being the agents, or base secon

The cordes, the ladder, or the h

O pardon me, that I descend s

To shew the line and the pred

Wherein you range vnder this

Shall it for shame be spoken in

Or fill vp chronicles in time to

That men of your nobilitie and

Did gage them both in an vniu

(As both of you God pardon m

To put downe Richard that sw

And plant this thorne, this cank

And shall it in more shame be f

That you are fool'd, discarded, a

By him, for whom these shames

And